

THE
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Sectarianism.

I attended, last summer, what is technically called "A Union Convention," a meeting of all religious sects, being thereby indicated, for the purpose of finding a common ground on which they might all unite. In seeking to find this ground, a great number gave their definition of Sectarism. For my own part, I did not receive any that was given as the true one. *My definition of Sectarism is this; the sentiment that induces a man to postpone the interests of acknowledged truth to the support of any religious party, or the promotion of any religious creed.* When Mr. Kirk, in the New School General Assembly, moved the indefinite postponement of the Slavery question, he preferred what he deemed the interest of that party to those of truth and justice. All who voted with him, who had ever acknowledged the justice of Anti-Slavery principles, did the same. When in the Methodist Episcopal Church, the testimony of colored against white men, was declared inadmissible, every professed Abolitionist who contributed to produce that result, knowingly and deliberately trampled on Humanity, that thereby the imagined good of the Methodist Church might be promoted. It was this sentiment that created, and as far as it has any active life, that now supports New Organization, and it is this sentiment, latent in the bosom of many Abolitionists, and almost unknown to themselves, that at present greatly impedes the progress of the Anti-Slavery cause. Indeed, it is *the one thing* which will prevent the peaceable abolition

of American Slavery, should that event never take place. Abolitionists, at the outset, took the ground that Slaveholding was a sin of so shocking a nature that any man, who, after expostulation and argument, persisted in it, had no claim to recognition of Christian character by the world around. Time proceeded, and Abolitionists saw plainly that it was their duty to carry out their principles still more strictly. If the *slave-holder* merited not the christian name, could it be accorded to *him* who strengthened his hands and guided his conscience? Reason and conscience said, No—and thus, so far as the verdict of Abolitionists go, a large portion of the ministry and church of Massachusetts occupy a position the very reverse of their profession. But the number of those consistent and fearless enough to take this ground, is small, and their influence comparatively weak. But why is not their number larger, when in our periodicals we have been wont to enumerate Abolitionists by thousands? A few words will suffice for *the why*. One word might furnish a key, and that word would be Sectarism. Strong in their undoubting confidence in the truth of their principles, the Abolitionists, at first, boldly rebuked their pro-slavery clergymen and church members, nothing doubting that the truth would produce its legitimate result, or, perhaps, a lower motive, the pressure of public opinion might force them to abandon their sinful position. Both these hopes were disappointed. Avarice, indolence, actual sympathy with oppression, but above and beyond all, sectarism prevented the clergy and church members of the dominant religious parties from becoming Abolitionists. How could they become so? Such a course could hardly be expected of either section of the Presbyterian church, for Southern influence and patronage was almost as essential to either as it could have been to either of the two political parties. Could the Methodists or Baptists afford to lose *all* the South and half the North? But the Congregationalists—the men holding to independence of the churches, what tie binds them to the slave-holding interest? It is as truly the love of sect as any thing that the more consolidated ecclesiastical bodies exhibit. This is

the only difference ; among the Congregationalists it takes the guise, more subtle, but not less dangerous, of zeal for doctrine, and adherence to purity of faith. To stop the progress of the A. S. cause, the cry is raised that it will not do to work with heretics ; instead of asking what a man thinks about slavery, the query is " what are his views of the Trinity ?" One cannot labor heartily to promulgate the idea that immediate emancipation is safe, because somebody is trying to help him who doubts the existence of a visible church. Another would make a very indignant outcry against the enormity of working men six days without wages, only his neighbor who stands ready to second his outcry holds heresies concerning the first day of the week.—Far be it for me to say that many of these persons are not conscientious, meaning by this that they verily think they are doing God service. Those who refuse to work with members of all sects and parties for the Abolition of Slavery, may be divided into two classes. The first comprises those who are aware that the majority of their churches will not respond to the duties that Abolitionists claim at their hands. These men are sufficiently intelligent to be aware that the most conscientious members of their denominations, when the true character of Slavery is brought before them, will not hesitate, left to the promptings of their own hearts, to aid any organization for its overthrow founded on right principles, no matter who compose that organization. Now these conscientious members must be stopped in their Anti-Slavery progress, or the peace of the church will be destroyed, or still more, if the church remain pro-slavery, and these few members continue faithful to duty, that church will be cast out as salt that has lost its savor. But how shall this progress be stopped—not by meeting these troublesome members on the mere merits of the question at issue, by artful appeals to sectarian feeling, and reasoning sufficiently sophistical to blind those who in spiritual matters have rarely dared to do their own thinking. Some pro-slavery church member begs his abolition brother to consider what he is about before he attempts to build

up the influence of the Unitarian agent, Mr. so and so, in opposition to the wishes of Rev. Dr. so and so. The following train of reasoning is a specious one, and well calculated to produce an effect on a conscientious but uneducated mind.

“Do you not perceive that if you will persist in holding up your minister to public view, as a friend of oppression, an opposer of common humanity, and a contemner of the plainest command of the Scriptures, you are injuring his influence in other respects; you are destroying his ability to save souls, and giving the opposers of his religious faith ground upon which to make a false issue? Are you not aware that in upholding certain agents whose religious opinions are unsound, you are aiding to commend those opinions to the adoption of the world around. Your coolly expressed declaration that his religious views are wrong, will not counterbalance the fact that you freely give him your personal confidence and friendship, and laud to the skies his heroism, disinterestedness and zeal, in behalf of suffering humanity.”

In the above is involved the substance of the argument by which Sectarism, in a thousand instances, withdraws to its support the aid once given to the cause of acknowledged truth. How quickly would an enlightened conscience reply, “Ought not the influence of a pro-slavery minister to be done away? If he be a contemner of the commands of Scripture, and a friend of oppression, what kind of influence will he exert over the souls he attempts to save. To save a soul, is to deliver it from the power of sin—but what greater evidence can be given of its thralldom to sin than its sympathy with American Slave-holding. A Christianity that sanctions it has brought the American church to her present perilous position, and the attempt to further sustain such a christianity can only ensure its ruin. As to the doctrines this pro-slavery minister holds, they are mine, and, thank God, their purity remains in my eyes undimmed, though they have not produced in his life their legitimate result. As to the doctrines of

my heretical fellow laborers, others must do as I have done ; submit them to the test of reason and scripture, and judge of them for themselves. If in respect to *all* his opinions, a man has never done this, it is comparatively little consequence what he accepts or what he rejects."

But the man to whom considerations like these do not present themselves, shows conclusively that ignorance and bigotry have fitted him to be the tool with which the more enlightened, and therefore more culpable worshiper of sect, accomplishes his work. He is an example of the other class of sectaries, that class, who are, in fact, the dupes of the first. The withering influence of these two classes is the most formidable obstacle with which we have now to contend. The cause has advanced to that point where we must meet and overcome this insidious enemy, or fall before it. Not that it is part or parcel of Anti-Slavery labor to attack Sectarism, but when we find it directly impeding our way, it becomes our duty to lend all our energies to its removal. Nothing can excuse us from this, unless we are ready to admit that the Anti-Slavery enterprise is based on other than the divine foundation of Truth. If it be indeed so based, we are bound to carry it steadily forward, in meekness and firmness, seeking to remove every obstacle that opposes us, whether that obstacle present itself in the shape of our pecuniary interest, our political party, or even our pro-slavery church and minister. It is hardly worth while to waste much metaphysical acumen in seeking to show how far a good man may oppose the Anti-Slavery cause, and yet retain his goodness, or how much piety is consistent with sympathy with oppression. We cannot estimate the exact amount of sin committed by the abettor of American Slavery, and it is not, therefore, worth our while to consume much time in attempting it ; but we *do* know that abettor to be a most unfit expounder of the Gospel, and consequently that it is our duty to refuse to support him as such. Much is said and much written as the baneful influence a sectarian spirit exerts. Would we only follow the straight way, not stopping to ask whether that

fidelity would injure the sect to which we belong, the workings of this spirit would no more appear among us. But now it is too evident that few dare leave their religious sect to a collision with Truth. They either lower the Truth, or put light for darkness, in a vain attempt to prove a pro-slavery church and ministry an Anti-Slavery one. The fallacy of such attempts must be pointed out by the faithful, and then comes American Union, Clerical Appeals, New Organizations, Foreign Anti-Slavery Societies, and third parties, the latter designed to draw the fire of Abolitionists from the Church to the State.

Abolitionists have long professed to derive the encouragement from the fact that *the Truth was mighty*. It is so, indeed! Let them not tremble when their own sect, or their own church bears witness to the assertion. Unless Abolitionists become their own betrayers, every sect and church in the land must do so by heartfelt repentance or utter destruction.

The Fugitive from Injustice.

BY LYDIA MARIA CHILD.

A few years ago, I made a visit to a Quaker family in the State of New York. The autumn was unusually bright and bland, and my November rambles in the woods were cheered with mellow sunsets and a balmy air. Returning from such a ramble, at dusky twilight, with a basket full of gleanings under the walnut tree, I found our evening repast spread in the hospitable kitchen. I needed not the straight coat, or the lawn kerchief, folded across the bosom with such neat exactness, to remind me that I was among the Society of Friends; for on the outer platform I had seen, with a loving smile, a clean little wooden trough, where seven cats were eating their ample supper,

fearless and frolicsome, because none could be found willing to kill them, or to disturb their joyful existence; and I needed no further proof of the presence of a sect, which, above all other forms of the Christian church, inculcates tenderness of heart. The daughter of the family, a gentlewoman by nature and by grace, received me with her usual greeting of quiet sunshine, and said, "I was coming to look for thee, Maria; for father has brought letters for thee from the Post-Office." The letters were from Anti-Slavery friends in Boston, and after supper were read aloud for the benefit of all assembled round the supper table. However ultra might be their contents, they could excite no opposition here; for this family were among the very few of the Society of Friends, who had not departed one whit from the purity of their early testimony, concerning the equality and brotherhood of man. The brown boy, who had come in from the farm-work, and supped at the left hand of his employer, with a darker-visaged man, on his way from Southern cane fields to Canadian snows, smiled with intelligent satisfaction, as I read; for colored people are as naturally anti-slavery, as hens are anti-hawk.

Suddenly a knock was heard at the door behind me, timid and hesitating. The Quaker girl and I exchanged significant glances, as I said, "That is a slave." When gently bid to walk in, a dark face and hand appeared at the upper half of the Dutch door, a letter was dropped, and the door closed again. The letter, addressed to my host, was brief and expressive.

"Friend J.—No man should be called a Christian, of whom it can be said, 'I was a stranger and ye took me not in.'

The meaning was instantly comprehended. Twenty pages could not have made it more clear. The bearer was welcomed with words of friendly sympathy, and soon seated beside us at the evening meal.

The next day, in answer to my inquiries, he told his story; which, as nearly as I can remember it, was as follows:

"I was born of free parents, in Charleston, S. C. When I was sixteen or seventeen years old, Doctor McDonald wanted to hire me of my father. He was going to New Orleans, for a few months, and wanted to take a servant with him. My father had several children, and he thought it would be a good chance to let me ; so I went with the Doctor. When I had lived with him a few months, and was beginning to think it almost time for him to carry me back to Carolina, according to his promise, he said to me, one day, "Stephen, I am obliged to go to Kentucky, on business ; but I shall not be gone long. It will be rather expensive to take you with me in stages and steam-boats, and therefore I wish to have you stay with a friend of mine in this city, till I return."

I readily agreed to this proposition ; and a few days after, he left me at the house of his friend. I had no particular reason to complain of my treatment in this family, until one day, being sent of an errand, I stopped on my way home, just to give one kick to a foot-ball, which bounded by me, thrown by some boy at play. The gentleman saw me, and ordered me to be flogged for it. I had never been flogged before, and it made me very angry. I told him I should like to have my wages paid, for I was going to look out another place ; and that when Doctor McDonald came back, I should tell him I did not like to work in any place where I was flogged ; for I was'nt used to it. "What have you to do with Doctor McDonald ?" said he, "you are my slave !" "I am not any body's slave," said I, "I was born of free parents, and have always been free." "I cannot help that," he replied, "I bought you of Doctor McDonald, and paid him in cash."

I could not sleep that night, for the bitterness of my thoughts. I could not help crying, when I thought of my father and mother, and brothers and sisters. My first impulse was to run away. But where could I go ? I dared not go home ; for the laws of Carolina forbade a free colored person, who had once left the State, ever to return, un-

less at the especial request of the gentleman who employed him. I knew that Slavery awaited me there, if I returned without Doctor McDonald; so I waited week after week in hopes he would come back, and that I could persuade him to do justice. But I know not whether he remained in Kentucky, or returned to South Carolina, I never saw him again.

Weary of waiting for him, I laid plans to escape. I was assisted by a slave, who lived in the same family; and I promised him if I was successful, I certainly would put him in a way to escape also. It so happened that I reached Ohio with very little difficulty; and I might have done well there, had not my mind been uneasy about the promise I had made to my good friend left in slavery. I resolved to get a place as steward of a steam-boat going to New Orleans, and to make use of the facilities which such a situation afforded. I went back to the scene of my bondage and my sufferings. I found means to communicate with my friend, and succeeded in getting him on board, into an empty barrel, in which I had made some air-holes.

Fifteen minutes before the boat started, an officer came on board, and demanded search for a runaway. My friend they did not find. He went off in the barrel, and I know not what became of him. But in searching for him, the officer recognized me. I was carried back to my master, who handed me to the overseer for a severe flogging. I was transferred from the house to the field, where I was kept at hard labor, with a chain on my feet and wrist to which was fastened a very heavy iron ball. I dragged this about for three weary months; and the day after they took it off, I ran away again. This time I escaped easily by reason of the excess of my boldness. Seeing no one within sight, one day, I walked off towards the city. As I betrayed no signs of haste, nobody questioned me. I went straight to the wharves, and offered myself as a steward of a vessel. I found a captain who wanted a steward; and either through forgetfulness, or from secret friendliness to the colored people, he made no inquiries for free papers.

Luckily for me the vessel sailed soon, and carried me to England. I then resolved never to see the United States again; but England is full of sailors, and I found it difficult to get employ. The captain who carried me out was to make his next voyage to New York. When he offered to hire me again, I at first refused; for I was afraid to go near America. But then I remembered having heard that New York was one of the Free States, and as the captain had been kind to me, I concluded to accept his offer.

Though my New Orleans master had found it so hard to give up a bargain, which made a poor, free boy his slave, he was a very wealthy man. I knew that he had a great sugar-house in New York, as well as in New Orleans; but I thought to myself that in a *Free State* they could not claim me for a slave, and that I might snap my fingers at them. I found myself mistaken. Three days after I arrived, I was walking in the streets of New York, when, who should I meet, face to face, but the very overseer, who flogged me at New Orleans! He clapped his hand on my shoulder, and exclaimed, "Stephen! How came you here?"

I felt as if I should sink into the earth.

Seeing my alarm, he added in a friendly tone, "Don't be frightened, Stephen. I've done being an overseer. I've had enough of slavery. I'll be your friend. Get out of the city as quick as possible. Don't you know your master's partner lives here? He is looking out for you. It was only yesterday that he asked me if I could help him to find your track."

"But can they take me in a Free State?" said I.

"To be sure they can, if they prove you to be a runaway," he replied; "but come with me, and don't be afraid; for I won't betray you. I'll take you to a man, who will advise you what to do."

I felt half afraid to trust him; but when I found they could seize me in a Free State, I was bewildered, and I did not know whom I *could* trust. So I followed him and he

guided me to a good man, who gave me a letter to his friend here."

By the aid of intelligent friends, Stephen might doubtless have obtained from South Carolina, evidence sufficient to establish his legal claim to himself; but Southern laws rendered it highly dangerous for him to return to his family; and the outrages he had suffered induced such a state of nervous fear, that he preferred quitting the United States altogether.

I wrote a letter of introduction for him to James Cropper, the wealthy Quaker merchant of Liverpool, and he was put on board an English vessel. I never heard whether he arrived or not.

That he carried a letter to a Quaker was enough to satisfy Stephen's mind. Though most of the Society of Friends are now lying buried in dead forms, more careful about buttons than principles, yet for the brightness of their *early* testimony, which still lingers around them with a sort of farewell glory, they well deserve their enviable pre-eminence of being trusted above all others by the miserable and the oppressed.

From the Hour and the Man.

Free.

CONCLUDED.

And upon this freedom will rest the blessing of Heaven. We have not faught for dominion nor for plunder; nor, as far as I could govern the passions of men, for revenge. We began our career of freedom in fidelity, in obedience, and in reverence towards the whites; and therefore may we take to ourselves the blessing of Him who made us to be free, and demands that we be so with clean hands and a pure heart. Therefore will the freedom of St. Domingo be but a beginning of a freedom to the negro race. There-

fore may we hope that in this race will the spirit of Christianity appear more fully than it has yet shown itself among the proud whites; show itself in its gentleness, its fidelity, its disinterestedness, and its simple trust. The proud whites may scorn this hope, and point to the ignorance and the passions of my people, and say, "Is this your exhibition of the spirit of the Gospel?" But not for this will we give up our hope. This ignorance, these passions, are natural to all men, and are in us aggravated and protracted by our slavery. Remove them by the discipline and the stimulus of freedom, begun in obedience to God and fidelity to men, and there remain the love that embraces all; the meek faith that can bear to be betrayed, but is ashamed to doubt; the generosity that can forgive offences seventy-and-seven times renewed; the simple, open, joyous spirit, which marks such as are of the kingdom of Heaven. Lord! I thank thee that thou hast made me the servant of this race!"

Never, during the years of his loneliness or the days of his grandeur, had Toussaint, spent a brighter hour than now, while the spirit of prophecy (twin-angel with death) visited him, and showed him the realms of mind which were opening before his race—that countless host whose van he had himself led to the confines. This spirit whispered something of the immortality of his own name, hidden, lost as he was in his last hours.

"Be it so!" thought he, "If my name can excite any to devotedness, or give to any the pleasure of being grateful. If my name live, the goodness of those who name it will be its life; for my true self will not be in it. No one will more know the real Toussaint. The weakness that was in me when I felt most strong, the reluctance when I appeared most ready, the acts of sin from which I was saved by accident alone, the divine constraint of circumstances to which my best deeds were owing—these things are between me and my God. If my name and my life are to be of use, I thank God that they exist; but this outward existence of them is nothing between him and me. To

me henceforth they no more belong than the name of Epaminondas or the life of Tell. Man stands naked on the brink of the grave, his name stripped from him, and his deeds laid down as the property of the society he leaves behind. Let the name and deeds I now leave behind be a pride to generations yet to come—a more innocent pride than they have sometimes, alas! been to me. I have done with them."

Toussaint had often known what hunger was: in the Morens he had endured it almost to extremity. He now expected to suffer less from it than then, from being able to yield to the faintness and drowsiness which had then to be resisted. From time to time during his meditations, he felt its sensations visiting him, and felt them without fear or regret. He had eaten his loaf when first hungry, and had watched through the first night, hoping to sleep his long sleep the sooner when his fire should at length be burned out. During the day, some faint sound reached him from the valley—some tokens of the existence of men. During the last two nights of his life, his ear was kept awake only by the dropping of water—the old familiar sound—and the occasional stir of the brands upon the hearth. About midnight of the second night he found he could sit up no longer. With trembling hands he laid on such pieces of wood as he could lift, lighted another flambeau, and lay down on his straw. He raised himself but once—hastily and dizzily in the dawn (dawn to him, but sunrise abroad.) His ear had been reached by the song of the young goatherds as they led their flocks abroad into another valley. The prisoner had dreamed that it was his boy Denis, singing in the piazza at Pongaudin. As his dim eye recognized the place by the flicker of the expiring flambeau, he smiled at his delusion, and sank back to sleep again.

The commandant was absent three days. On his return

he summoned Bellines, and said, in the presence of several soldiers,

"How is the prisoner there?" pointing in the direction of Toussaint's cell.

"He has been very quiet this morning, sir."

"Very quiet? Do you suppose he is ill?"

"He was as well as usual the last time I went to him."

"He has had plenty of everything, I suppose?"

"Oh, yes, sir. Wood, candle, food, water—everything."

"Very well. Get lights, and I will visit him."

Lights were brought. A boy who carried a lantern shivered as he saw how ghastly Belline's face looked in the yellow gleam, in the dark vault on the way to the cell, and was not sorry to be told to stay behind till called to light the commandant back again.

"Have you heard anything?" asked Rubaut of the soldier, in a low voice.

"Not for many hours. There was a call or two, and some singing, just after you went, but nothing since."

"Hush! Listen!"

They listened motionless for some time; but nothing was heard but the everlasting plash which went on all around them.

"Unbar the door, Bellines."

He did so, and held the door wide for the commandant to enter. Rubaut stalked in, and straight up to the straw bed. He called the prisoner in a somewhat agitated voice, felt the hand, raised the head, and declared that he was gone. The candle was burned completely out. Rubaut turned to the hearth, carefully stirred the ashes, blew among them, and raised a spark."

"You observe," he said to Bellines, "his fire was burning when we found him."

"Yes, sir."

"There is more wood and more candle?"

"Yes, sir; the wood is in this corner, and the candle on the table—just under your hand, sir."

"Oh, ay—here. Put on some wood and blow up a flame. Observe, we found his fire burning."

"Yes, sir."

They soon reappeared in the courtyard and announced the death of the prisoner. Rubaut ordered a messenger to be in readiness to ride to Pontarlier by the time he should have written a letter.

"We must have the physicians from Pontarlier," observed the commandant, aloud, "to examine the deceased, and declare what he died of. The old man has not been well for some time past. I have no doubt the physicians will find that he died of apoplexy, or something of the kind."

"No wonder, poor soul!" said a suttler's wife to another woman.

"No wonder, indeed," replied the other. "My husband died of the heat in St. Domingo; and they took this poor man—(don't tell it, but he was a black; I got a sight of him; and he came from St. Domingo, you may depend upon it)—they took him out of all that heat, and put him into that cold, damp place there! No wonder he is dead!"

"Well, I never knew we had a black here!"

"Don't say I told you, then."

"I have no doubt—yes, we found his fire burning," said Bellines to the inquirers around him. "They will find it apoplexy, or some such thing, I have no doubt of it."

And so they did, to the entire satisfaction of the First Consul.

Yet it was long before the inquiring world knew with certainty what had become of Toussaint L'Ouverture.

Blessed is he that considereth the poor; the Lord shall deliver him in time of trouble. 21st Psalm.

The hour of trouble darkly comes to all,

There is not one whose bright and sunny glance
Upon this brief and simple page shall fall

For whom that hour comes not with sure advance.
The beautiful, the gifted, and the great
Alike the gathering of its gloom await.

And when the hour of trouble comes to *thee*,
What vowed deliverer to thy aid shall rise ?
Wealth, Genius, Power and Earthly Dignity
Shall seem but mockeries to thy tearful eye.
Earth's firmest staff shall prove a trembling reed
That breaks and fails thee in thy hour of need.

But dost thou say, "a surer stay is mine,
The hope dependant on no earthly power,
The brightness of whose ray shall ever shine,
And deeper burn as darker grows the hour ?"
Is this the thought that calms thy anxious heart,
And says to each foreboding fear, depart ?

Know that unless the suffering and the poor
Have in thy sympathy and prayer a place,
The Hope that to thy soul doth seem so sure
Shall melt like wax before the sun's bright face.
The summer threshing floor's light chaff shall seem
More stable than thy idly cherished dream.

And who within thy country's ample bound
Is poorer than the robbed and trampled slave ?
Whose grief within her borders can be found
That more thy sympathy and help should crave ?
This is his hour of uttermost despair,
And therefore that when thou should'st do and dare.

And if with heart sincere and purpose pure
Thy hand is nerved to *labor* for the slave,
To watch and pray, and in his cause endure,
And firm the outrage of his foes to brave,
Oh, fear not, doubt not, in thy trial hour
God has made promise of his aid and power.

A. W. W.